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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Memorial

OF THE LATE

JAMES L. PETIGRU.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE BAR OF CHARLESTON, S.C.,
MARCH 25, 1863.

NEW YORK:
RICHARDSON & COMPANY,
540 BROADWAY,
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PREFACE.

Mr. Petigru's virtues and attainments are too fully commemorated in the following pages to require notice in this preface. Such meetings as we here record, often assume a perfunctory character; but this was remarkable for the number and distinction of the participants, and the much more than ordinary exhibition of respect. It represented, too, every hue and shade of our State politics, from the avowed Unionist, on through the moderate States-rights' men, to the extreme secessionists.

All came together there, from their diverse points, like pilgrims to a common shrine, to offer the united tribute of their respect and love.

It is not our purpose, therefore, to add any thoughts upon a topic so fully and ably treated; but, in giving to the world these eloquent memorials of veneration for Mr. Petigru, we would take the opportunity of correcting some misapprehensions which have gone forth in regard to his political and social position in this community.

About the first, there is, to this extent, no room for question whatever. He was an ardent lover of the Union, and he had faith in the efficacy of a strong government to sustain it. There is no diversity of opinion on this, and it needs no elaboration.

A friend, from his own experience, furnishes a touching proof of this sentiment. Soon after the Ordinance of Secession was passed, he accosted him in Broad Street, with this remark, "Mr. Petigru, these are times which require every man to define his position. You were a good soldier in the War of 1812; your

captain told me so: where are you now?" They were walking at the time, and the old man bowed his chin on his breast, and walked on for some distance in silence (his friends will recall the manner); and at last, lifting up his head very quickly, he made this only reply, "W——, I have seen the last happy day of my life."

But, while Mr. Petigru's devoted love for the Union is beyond all dispute, his position and views of the late struggle have been misunderstood and misrepresented.

It is said that his love of the Union was paramount to his love of the State, and that his differences entailed upon him persecution and oppression.

Nothing could be further from the fact than both of these statements.

Mr. Petigru's position was this: He loved the Union; he would have given his life to preserve it. He considered the course of the State wrong in principle, and fatal in its consequences. He would have prevented secession by any sacrifice it would have been in his power to have made. But this is all. No one can truthfully assign to him a more complete position, as a Union man, than that. He deplored the war; he considered us mad in attempting it: but, when it was begun, he felt that his State was his mother, and to her he owed his all. If it were not so, why, at his advanced age, did he undergo hardships and privation among us, instead of imitating those craven spirits who took flight at the first note of danger?

Even before the war, he was urged to settle at the North, whose people, he was assured, appreciated him as we did not. He was elected anniversary orator of the Story Association; and he was much urged, in and out of his family, to accept. Why did he not emigrate, when, in forty-eight hours, he could have passed through the lines? It was because he felt it his duty to stand by the State through weal and through woe.

Mr. Petigru's sympathies were not with the United-States arms, after the war was commenced.

He always spoke of the contest as *our* contest; and he has frequently said, that he thought *we* would achieve *our* independence.

During his last illness, he said he did not know what to think of the termination, as the combatants seemed to be so equally matched.

There is another feature of his position in the late struggle, of great importance. Mr. Petigru could scarcely have believed in the right of the General Government, certainly not in the expediency of its attempting, to coerce a State after secession. Our reasons for this opinion shall be stated, and the public shall judge for themselves.

Early in the war, perhaps even before the attack upon Sumter, Mr. Petigru wrote to his old friend, Lieut.-Gen. Winfield Scott, warning him against an attempt to subdue the South. He cautioned him against falling into the error of supposing that this was "a Union and Nullification affair." He dwelt upon the unanimity of the whole people; and, deprecating it as much as his friend could do, he signified his views by this strong language, which would certainly have weight in our day. "But, my dear general, suppose you go on, and coerce the South, and sustain the Union. Would a Union supported by bayonets be the Union our fathers bled and died to accomplish?" Although we have marked the passage as a quotation, we do not mean to be understood as quoting literally; but we are sure his meaning is given. The contents of the letter, we got from Mr. Petigru himself, under circumstances to impress them upon the memory. If they are not accurately given, let it be shown from the letter itself.

So much for his views of the struggle. The misapprehension is still stronger in relation to the estimate of him by our people. So far from his case showing intolerance, it has been cited, ever since the days of nullification, as an evidence how little political

differences influence the regards and fostering care of our people for their great men.

For upwards of thirty years, he numbered, among his clients and his most intimate friends, men of opinions diametrically opposite to his own. He was Solicitor and Attorney-general, and through life could, whenever he wished, have been Judge or Chancellor or Chief Justice if the office had then existed. What higher proof could be given than his being appointed, just before the war, to codify the laws of the State, and being continued in this office, by annual election of the Legislature, until his death? There never was a time that Mr. Petigru's opinion would have deprived him of any of the honors of his profession, nor of the highest social consideration possible to be awarded to any man. He was only not elected to represent the State or people in Congress, because his views were well known not to be theirs; but even then we sent him to the Legislature from Charleston.

And how could it be otherwise? Who could resist that cheery temper, that enlivening smile, those feelings, like his beautiful hair, showing no frost of age, but youthful, fresh, and genial? And then the more robust qualities: Look at his courage! Could a people who value it so fail to mark and appreciate its possession? See him before the Historical Society of South Carolina, where he says of the Revolutionary War, in that beautiful passage, deserving to live forever, "It is not true that all of the virtue of the country was in the Whig camp."

Or before the Confederate Court, resisting the Sequestration Act, and declaring, in the stirring words of St. Paul, "I was free born."

Who that ever observed the dauntless spirit of the man could fail to admire, and who that knew could fail to love him? Not appreciated? Persecuted for his opinions? Was ever man more respected? Was ever one more free in the expression of his every thought?

His daughter, in a letter to the public, has shown that he met with nothing but respect and veneration. Petigru persecuted? Why! no man who knows any thing of his position here could say or believe such a thing. He was our pride and ornament.

Observe the circumstances under which the meeting was held, to which we are now inviting your attention. It was in the spring of 1863, when the Federal arms had met many reverses, and their cause looked gloomy, and the Confederate pulse was beating high. It was just then that it pleased God to take away this great lawyer, this great Union man, from among us. Did he go down to the grave unlamented? Were there no honors to his memory? Who that was here can fail to recall the gloom that was thrown over the community? Who can forget that mournful *cortège* that followed him to the tomb, — a private man, holding no office, with generals and colonels and stout soldiers mingling their grief with our stricken city in the fall of her distinguished and well-beloved son?

And when it was all over, and he slept quietly, see what an assemblage of his brethren was grouped together to do honor to his memory! — from the white-haired presiding officer (his friend through life) to the tyro without his first brief, — all ages, all politics, all manner of thought, represented. See how they pour forth their love and admiration, without measure and without stint!

Consider the man, his opinions, the time, his eulogists, and it will be no longer difficult to say, that neither war nor politics nor differences, nor any other thing, ever could, for one moment, sway them away from their respect and love for James Louis Petigru.

CHARLESTON, July, 1866.

NOTE A.

"History is false to her trust when she betrays the cause of truth, even under the influence of patriotic impulses. It is not true that all of the virtue of the country was in the Whig camp, or that all of the Tories were a band

of ruffians. They were conservatives; and their error was in carrying to excess the sentiment of loyalty, which is founded in virtue. Their constancy imbittered the contest, but did not provoke it. Their cause deserved to fail; but their sufferings are entitled to respect. Prejudice has blackened their name; but history will speak of them as they were, with their failings and their virtues, as more tenacious than ambitious, rather weak than aspiring; and show towards them the indulgence due to the unfortunate." — *Petigru's Address before the South-Carolina Historical Society.*"

NOTE B.

The following passage from the same address shows that Mr. Petigru would not be himself inclined to condemn honest differences of opinion: —

" South Carolina has been taunted with the division of parties that marked the war of independence. It is the reproach of ignorance: the division is proof of sincerity, of freedom, of manliness of character."

THE LATE JAMES L. PETIGRU.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE MEETING OF THE BAR OF CHARLESTON.

A MEETING of the bar of Charleston was held on Wednesday, March 25, 1863, to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of their deceased brother, the Hon. JAMES LOUIS PETIGRU.

On motion of the Attorney General, I. W. HAYNE, Esq., HENRY A. DESAUSSURE, Esq., was called to the Chair, and the meeting further organized by the appointment of C. RICHARDSON MILES, Esq., as Secretary.

The Chairman, in opening the meeting, said, —

There are times and occasions when the customary language of sympathy and condolence is inadequate to express the emotions of the heart. Death, in the ordinary course of human affairs, the common inheritance of humanity, excites no unusual disturbance; but there are also extraordinary occasions which arrest public attention, excite the keenest sensibility of society, and diffuse general gloom over its complicated framework. The death of remarkable men often awakens the deepest solicitude and affections; and such is the event that has now convened the bar of Charleston.

Our recent attendance on his obsequies has too mournfully realized to us that the Hon. James L. Petigru has been translated, by the dispensation of Providence, from the bar of his country to the bar of God.

To abler hands must be confided, on a future and proper occasion, the duty of delineating the elements of character, the professional learning, the genius and the moral elevation, of this remarkable man and accomplished jurist, who has left his impress on society, and on the bench and the bar of South Carolina, for the last half century.

Descended in the maternal line from a respected Huguenot family, he received his academic education under Dr. Waddell, of the Willington Academy, and his collegiate education in the South-Carolina College, under Dr. Maxcy; and pursued his legal studies in the office and under the supervision of the late William Robertson, Esq., an influential and respected lawyer of Beaufort, who long enjoyed the confidence and professional support of that community.

In stating the object of this meeting, it is neither my province nor my intention to anticipate the expression of *its* judgment of Mr. Petigru's prominent qualities, and of the proud pre-eminence which he obtained as the head of the legal profession in South Carolina. As *primus interpares*, his competitors at the bar, without invidious feeling, admitted his indisputable right to occupy the front rank of his profession, without a rival, without fear, and without reproach. His brethren throughout the State all conceded him intellectual superiority, and deeper learning, and a higher order of talent, than they possessed.

Mr. Petigru possessed by nature the rare endowments of *genius* for the creation of new and original ideas, blended with *talents* for combining facts, and

marshalling established truths with admirable judgment and sagacity. His induction from his premises was always logical and lucid, and *turnpiked* the legal pathway out of the most complicated labyrinth of law and fact.

Though not intending hereby any labored eulogium on his character and worth, I cannot, as one of his personal friends and contemporaries for upwards of half a century, refrain from bearing my testimony to the high moral intrepidity, inflexible principles, the generous antagonism, and liberal practice, which characterized his professional career. His manly, generous nature disdained to envelop justice in technical meshes or metaphysical subtlety; and his effort ever seemed to be rather to eviscerate truth and justice than to succeed in his object at their expense.

To the junior members of the bar he was peculiarly courteous and accessible; and no one ever applied to his experience, vigorous intellect, and profound knowledge, for friendly consultation and instruction, without obtaining the benefit of his assistance.

Such was the noble man whose loss we mourn; such the calamity society has sustained.

Attorney-Gen. HAYNE, after a brief allusion to the sad occasion which had called the brethren of the bar of Charleston together, offered the following

PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS.

The death of one still in the full vigor of his faculties, whose name, by common consent of South-Carolinians, has been for forty years enrolled among

the great intellects of the State, is a bereavement not confined to the community in which he lived, or to the profession which he adorned. The State mourns the loss of one of her most gifted and worthy sons in the death of our brother lawyer, James L. Petigru. But because he was our brother, and the bar — the bar of Charleston — has afforded peculiarly his field of usefulness, and been the scene of his triumphs, it is fitting that the bar of Charleston should express, as such, their sorrow at his death, and their appreciation of the rich legacy he has bequeathed them in the bright example of a lawyer, as elevated in the morals of the profession as he was pre-eminent in learning and ability. Fifty years at the bar, — he was forty years ago made Attorney-General of the State. For eight years officially at the head of the bar, upon his resignation, now more than thirty years since, he became, and continued to the period of his death, its acknowledged leader. A leadership without official position, so universally conceded and so uninterrupted, has never, perhaps, for such a length of time, fallen to the lot of any other lawyer in any country. Never had that "jealous mistress," the Law, less cause for jealousy. His life-long singleness of devotion to his profession was not the least remarkable circumstance in his career. Though alive to every public enterprise, and always interested in the politics of the country, his attention was never, even for a time, distracted from the engrossing pursuit of his life. Though a ripe scholar, and passionately fond of letters, scholarship and letters were ever subordinate to his profession.

Though eminently social, and from his wit and genial nature the delight of the convivial board; though full of human sympathy and warm affections, — "the primrose path" never allured him to the neglect of the stern and rugged duties which were the habit of his life. But, in this singleness of devotion to the law, there was none of the sordidness of a Saunders or the narrowness of a Coke. It was his selected field for manly action. Here were displayed his love of the right, and his scorn for wrong. Here his friendships were made effective, and his generosity and charity bore fruit. The profits of the profession were his least consideration. The honors he coveted were honorable to the man as well as the lawyer. As a lawyer, he was a model. With learning unsurpassed, he applied the powers of his own mind to work out the principles involved. A "case" was as nothing, but for the principle it illustrated or established. With all his extensive reading, he cited few cases, but those were to the point; and the principle contended for, he enforced with a fertility and aptness of illustration which were inexhaustible.

Mr. Petigru's originality of manner, his humor, wit, sarcasm, and wondrous powers of ridicule, were weapons peculiarly his own, which it would be dangerous in any other man to attempt to imitate. Add to these courage, will, and indomitable persistency of purpose which never flagged or faltered, and he was a power felt and acknowledged in every sphere in which he moved.

"Take him for all in all," it will be long ere "we look upon his like again."

He is dead; but the days of his pilgrimage were more than the usual lot of man. "Threescore and ten" had for some time been passed; but, until very recently, his was a robust and green old age.

> "And that which should accompany old age, —
> As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," —

he had in no stinted measure. Peace be with him!

Resolved, That the Bar of Charleston, in the death of James L. Petigru, Esq., mourn in heartfelt sorrow the loss of a beloved and venerated brother, who for forty years has been their honored leader.

Resolved, That, in token of this sorrow, they wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That the Chairman be requested to express to the family of the deceased the condolence and sympathy of the members of the Bar.

Resolved, That copies of these proceedings be presented by the Attorney-General, in the names of the Charleston Bar, to the Court of Appeals at its next session, and to the Courts of Equity and of Common Pleas and General Sessions for Charleston District; and that he ask that they be spread on the minutes of those courts respectively, and that they be presented by the District Attorney to the Confederate Court of South Carolina.

R. Yeadon, Esq., rose to second the preamble and resolutions, and said, —

Mr. Chairman, — The relations which existed between myself and the lamented dead render it both my melancholy duty and high privilege to lay my humble offering on his bier. No one shares more largely than myself in the general sorrow of this community at his decease; and I stand second to none in the desire, however inadequate may be the performance, to do fitting honor to his memory and his worth.

Mr. Petigru was indeed one of the most remarkable men that our community ever produced. Meaning no

approach to profanity or irreverence in the allusion, he may, in respect of his gifts, moral and intellectual, personal and professional, have been appropriately called "wonderful counsellor." Graduating at our State college with the first honor of his class, he pursued the honorable and useful occupation of a schoolmaster while preparing for the bar; and, on his admission into the legal fraternity, he soon arose to the highest honors and emoluments of his profession. He stood, during his long and brilliant career as a lawyer, at the head of the profession, — undoubtedly so in this State; and perhaps, also, both in the old Union and in the new Southern Confederacy. Law he studied and mastered as a science, and he was most profoundly versed in its learning and its principles. So much was this the case, that not only his brother practitioners looked up to him as a teacher, but even the bench regarded him as the Gamaliel of jurisprudence. Well do many of us, his contemporaries, remember the numerous triumphs, before court and jury, which at once asserted and crowned his professional pre-eminence. Cruger and Daniel stands as a monument of his learning and labor, — a cart having been necessary to convey his numerous and ponderous authorities to our highest court of State judicature; and his brilliant success was commensurate with his lavish expenditure of learning and toil. Pell and Ball was an achievement in its masterly analysis of the doctrine of presumptions; as perfect a gem in its way as the thrilling eloquence of his gifted associate and friend, Legare, called forth by the shipwreck tragedy which consigned husband and wife, amid the

rage and howl of the elements, to the same ocean-grave. DeCottes and Talvande showed him the generous and sympathizing champion of a much-wronged widow, and exhibited his power to move the passions and mould the verdict of the jury by the charm and potency of pathetic eloquence. Conspicuous among his professional characteristics and virtues was that noble generosity, which, in the cause of benevolence or of principle, gratuitously enlisted his powers and resources with a zeal and ability which no fee, however large, could so readily secure. Robertson and Gilfillin *vs.* Shannon strikingly illustrated his holy abhorrence of oppression, and what may be styled the perseverance of benevolence, pursuing its noble and disinterested end undeterred by defeat, and hoping against hope, until, crowned by final and complete success, it gave liberty to the aged and time-worn tenant of the prison.

Nothing could more decisively prove his legal pre-eminence than his selection by the State Legislature, notwithstanding his unpopular politics and opinions, to reduce to a code the statute laws of the State; a highly honorable and responsible task, which he barely lived to complete.

A passing tribute, too, is due to the remarkable and infinite power of wit and humor with which he relieved the asperities and the tedium of forensic conflicts and investigations, convulsing auditory, bar, and even bench, with contagious merriment; and also to the potency with which he applied ridicule and sarcasm as a forensic weapon and a test of truth.

Much could be added to this portraiture of his professional character and career, did time and the

occasion admit of the completion of the picture, — how truthful he was in the citation and application of authorities; how fair, and above trick or artifice, in his practice; how kind, paternal, and even brotherly, in his deportment to younger members of the legal fraternity. To sum up all in few but expressive words, he was at once the patriarch of the bar, and the Bayard of his profession, — *sans peur et sans reproche.*

But it was not only as a profound lawyer that Mr. Petigru challenged our admiration for his intellectual gifts and acquirements. He was a classical scholar; a man of literary habitudes; a writer of taste and elegance, as often testified by the essay and the oration, couched in language drawn from the pure well of English undefiled; it having been his peculiarity and pride to adhere, as closely as possible, to the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary.

As a man, Mr. Petigru was full of noble qualities. He was generous and charitable even to a fault. He had "a heart to devise and a hand to do liberal things." His purse was ever ready at the call of the needy and deserving, and freely emptied itself to the wants of friendship. If his fortune had been as large as his heart, it would have been princely indeed; but, owing much to his exceeding great liberality and fearless assumption of responsibility for friends, he may be said to have verified Daniel Webster's definition or description of the lawyer, "One who works hard, lives well, and dies poor." Let it be the care and privilege of his brethren that his honored widow shall never realize the fact.

But the most distinguishing feature of Mr. Petigru's character was his moral courage. Descended, maternally, from the Huguenot, his was that intrepid and martyr spirit which made him worthy of a race that numbered the great Condé and the chivalrous Constable Montmorenci among its *noblesse* and heroic commanders. True to principle, and fearless in the assertion of right, he never swerved to the right hand or the left to promote personal interest or court popular favor. Mailed in the armor of honesty, all respected his motives, and admired his boldness and independence, while they lamented what they believed to be his errors of opinion, as fearlessly avowed as they were conscientiously entertained. He seemed encircled, as it were, with an atmosphere of dignity, armed with some electric power to repel hostile or dishonoring assault. But often, in his long and useful career, was this noble trait of his character called into play by the dearest interests of our community; and never did he fail to throw himself in the breach, and do valiant and efficient battle for the Right. Here let us recall the memorable occasion, when our city, temporarily frightened from her propriety by an *émeute* at the workhouse, was on the brink of tarnishing her escutcheon by mob violence; when the misguided demagogue, and the more criminal incendiary, stood ready to light the torch; and when Mr. Petigru, as the intrepid champion of law and order, bravely breasted the torrent, warning our citizens not to emulate the Red Republicanism of France, and calming the troubled elements into peace and quiet. But for his

interposition and that of noble compatriots at that fearful crisis, Calvary Church may have been made a funeral pile, and even the dwelling of his present eulogist razed to the ground, to the everlasting disgrace of the Palmetto City.

But here let me close this imperfect tribute to one who was the comfort of the domestic and the ornament of the social circle, a light of literature, and an apostle of jurisprudence.

Tears for his loss; the cypress and the willow for his grave; homage to his memory.

Sir, with heartfelt but melancholy satisfaction, I second the resolutions.

Hon. R. Barnwell Rhett followed, and said, —

Mr. Chairman, — I obey, perhaps for the last time, the summons for the Charleston Bar to assemble together to commemorate the death of one of its members. Its most distinguished and its most venerable member, with but one exception, has left its toils and its honors, — my tutor in boyhood, my friend in early manhood, my better friend in advanced life, whom neither time nor fortune, private duties nor troubles, nor the angry public contests and differences of more than thirty years, ever induced to say to me an unkind word or to do an unkind deed. Private acts of friendship, I know, lose some of their sacredness by being disclosed to others; but I am sure I shall be pardoned for mentioning an incident in our lives, which strongly displayed our relations and his own generous nature. There are many tests of friendship; but the world recognizes one as paramount to all

others, — money. Christ himself seems to have considered it as the most potent of all influences; for it is the one thing he has to put as antagonist to himself. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon" is his twice-repeated declaration. The deceased gave me this test of his friendship. In the commercial convulsions of 1837, I thought I was ruined by the misfortunes of others. I went to him, and told him my troubles. He expressed to me his warm sympathy, and then said, "I have no money; you know I cannot keep money: but my credit is yours, in any manner you choose to use it, to the last dollar of the property I possess." At this time he was in possession of a considerable estate, the fruit of many years of labor and accumulation. I did not embrace his generous offer: but it shows you the *man;* and it shows you also, in part, why I am here to-day to bear testimony to the character and worth of one of the bravest and truest of friends.

Mr. Chairman, much has been well said, and much more will be said, of the characteristics and life of this distinguished man. This is not perhaps the time or the occasion in which his whole character can be delineated; but I propose to lay before you a few of the traits that distinguished him from other men, and made him most esteemed and admired.

To say that the deceased was a great lawyer is to say but little of his great qualities. He never was a mere lawyer to his clients. He was a friend, and a sincere friend; and, when called on for his counsel, he never stopped at expounding the law, but placed before his clients the duties their positions required. With

him, *honor* was worth more than property; and he frankly and freely counselled the course that high morals required his clients to pursue, irrespective of law. A young gentleman, just arrived at manhood, sought his legal advice on a very delicate matter, relative to the conduct of property on the part of an executor. He told him his legal rights, and then said to him, "This is no matter of law: it is a matter affecting your honor as a gentleman; and you must redress it." I need not say that his advice was followed. Not long since, an old client went to him to make his will. He produced a paper containing the heads of the will as he desired it should be made. Amongst other provisions was one prescribing, that, should any of his children die without leaving children, their portion should revert to his right heirs. "This is wrong," said Mr. Petigru: "your children ought to have the power of rewarding benefactions by the property you leave them, as you are now doing in your will; and you ought not to deprive them of this power;" and he run his pen through the clause. A widow lady, after years of counsel and advice, proposed to him to send in his bill. "No," said he: "you have a large family, and must want money. If I die before you, you will find some memorandum of what you owe me in my books; and, if you die before me, your estate can pay it. I cannot take money from you." Sir, I mention these incidents, known personally to me, and I have no doubt similar incidents are known to many present, to show you what sort of a lawyer our late associate was. He realized, in his sympathizing kindness, more perfectly

the old relation of patron and client among the Romans than any lawyer I ever knew. Nor was the mighty power his profession gave him ever abused to foster dispute, or to defeat justice by the rigorous enforcement of law. He knew very well that the laws dispense justice only in their general operation, and that, from the very necessity of our imperfect reason and nature, thousands of cases must occur in which law, in its application, is not justice; and therefore he was ever assiduous to clear himself of any complicity with moral crime which the profession of law sometimes produces. Of his clients he was equally careful; and, in more instances than one within my knowledge, he counselled the abandonment of legal rights, because, in his opinion, inconsistent with strict honesty and honor.

The deceased did not *seek power*. The very few occasions in which he was a candidate before the people was rather to defeat what he deemed a false policy than to obtain place. The vulgar ambition of personal distinction or notoriety had no place in his capacious and noble mind. Perhaps, too, he feared power, remembering the great accountability it involved. Certainly no man has lived in our day who possessed so much moral and so little official authority. To control himself, and not others; to do his duty, and not to win place, — seems to have been the elevated aim of his career. With his powerful intellect, keen wit, and fearless will, no man could have been more dangerous in a republic, if he had been destitute of high principles. But all these were placed upon the side of order, for the maintenance of truth,

and furtherance of justice. His error, if error it was, rather led him to too much abstinence from power, than desire to possess it. He not only would not yield any of his convictions to obtain it, but he would practise no reserve in their enunciation. He quailed before no antagonism, but rather seemed to defy it. *Esse quam videri*, the proud motto of Plato, seemed ever to have been in his contemplation. The virtues of a good man are not exclusively his own: they belong also to society and the country; and if, by any course of his, they are lost to others, he has not fulfilled the full measure of his duty. We cannot presume error in this particular in one so conscientious and watchful over himself as the deceased; but many doubtless have deemed him too indifferent or too haughty in his disregard of power. With the great multitude of men, in public affairs, *place* is *success*. To conceal opinions where they are unpopular, to dissemble with the people, to support expediencies, and to make correct principles subordinate to policies, is ever the resorts, to obtain power, of men with weak minds or weaker principles. It is only the strong man — strong in conscious rectitude, strong in convictions of truth, strong in the never-failing and eternal vindications of time — who can put aside the temptations of present power, and patiently submit to unofficial inferiority. Superficial observers may not understand, perhaps despise, the greatness of such a man. They are dazzled by the external trappings and influences of power. But greatness in man consists of personal attributes, not in the external accidents around him. Indeed, power, without wisdom and principle to direct it, only

renders men more mean and contemptible. Henry VIII. of England, and Philip II. of Spain, were possessed of vast power; yet are they described as preeminently the meanest men of their day. Mr. Petigru was a great man, without official power, — great in his moral characteristics, self-poised, disinterested, faithful, fearless.

The deceased was no *hunter of popularity*. He was no courtier, either in the saloons of the reputed great, or on the hustings before the people. The same characteristics which make the sycophant at courts make the demagogue before the people. Falsehood is the essential feature of both. To say what is agreeable, but not true; to flatter with professions which are unreal, and thus to obtain confidence and support to further objects of ambition, — is the usual course of the *seekers of popularity*. The deceased doubtless valued the esteem of men; but it was esteem based on truth and virtue. Favors are seldom just; and favors of the people in republican governments, not won by service or merit, are as dangerous to the people as they are corrupting to the individual. They are dangerous to the people, because they do not imply that fidelity and integrity which are essential to the administration and perpetuity of this form of government; and they corrupt the individual, who learns, by his elevation, that correct principles are not essential to official distinction. In the noble language of Lord Mansfield, he might have said, "I honor the people: I love popularity; but it is that popularity which follows, not that which I sought after." Yet, although

not *seeking*, he was not without popularity. It *followed* him in all the walks of life; and, if it did not lift him to high official station, it was because his views of public policy were opposed to those of the great majority of the people with whom he lived. False confidence in the people, induced by false professions, — which is the great cause of the overthrow of republics, — could never find countenance in his elevated patriotism.

Mr. Petigru was essentially *a conservative*, — conservative in all his views of *society*, *government*, and *religion*. He detested all the new inventions which would arm society against itself, by pretensions to organize and control it. He hated the pernicious dogmas of Thomas Paine, and the whole batch of French atheists and philosophers, who, by denying the weakness of our fallen nature, would set man against his fellow man, in vain efforts for abstract justice and equality, and vainer efforts for human perfectibility. He was a *conservative in government*. He clung, perhaps too much, to things as they were, for the dangerous times in which he lived. He was a supporter of the Union of the United States, as long as it lasted; and, when it went down, he looked to the future with the gloomiest forebodings, — too sadly realized, and still covered with darkness, when death closed his eyes upon the terrible contest it involved. Yet to the behests of his native State, in casting off the Union of the United States, he bowed with all humility. He feared change; for change in governments too often, he knew, produced lawlessness in power, — a lawlessness which may endanger

the welfare of a State, more from its own agents than from the power of external foes. Change also broke off those habits of submission and support to a government, which often constitute its strongest element of stability. He tried, therefore, to follow the injunction of the Psalmist, "Seek peace and insure it." His generous and noble nature could not realize the dangers others thought they saw hanging over the destinies of the South from our Northern associates. He could not believe in their hate and hostility, when not only good faith, but manifest interest, demanded a policy on their part of forbearance and peace. Like thousands and tens of thousands of the best men in the South, he could not understand the characteristics of the people of the North until developed by the stern test of war. He was *conservative in religion.* Like all men of strong convictions and deep sensibilities, his reverence for holy things was great. He admired the old writers, the old paths of religion, the old organization, the old ritual, the venerable ordinances of the Church. He clung with admiration and love to the Church itself, as the grand and appointed instrumentality for the elevation and salvation of men. His antique taste delighted in old fanes, with their majestic and solemn architecture, stained and worn by the waste of ages. The mysteries of religion, inevitable from the nature of God himself, and our finite intelligence, made him no skeptic. They only made him wonder and adore. Hard-by the place in St. Michael's, where, for forty years, he attended the worship of God, he now lies interred. We mourn our loss in the death

of such a man; but our loss, we humbly trust, is his gain in eternal peace, happiness, and glory. The language of the old Latin poet, with whom he was so familiar, in his Ode to Virgil on the death of Quintilius, may not be inappropriate: —

> Cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror
> Incorrupta Fides, nudaque veritas
> Quando ullum inveniet parem?
> Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit:
> Nulli flebilior, quam tibi Virgili.

Nelson Mitchell, Esq., rose and said, —

Mr. Chairman, — As it has been my privilege, for several years past, to enjoy the opportunity of free and almost daily association with our deceased brother, I would desire to add something, however feeble, to the large though well-earned tribute which his many virtues and striking qualities have called forth.

It is not an uncommon impression, perhaps frequently well founded, that much private and careless intercourse, with those whose efforts on signal occasions excite our admiration, tends rather to lower our estimate of their powers and originality. This, certainly, was not the case with regard to Mr. Petigru. It was always after much and familiar intercourse that our appreciation of him was the highest. The warmth of his love for justice, as for something incarnate; his jealous vigilance over the rights of truth, and resentment of falsehood in every form, as of a personal wrong; that unswerving intrepidity of opinion which so marked him; his pathetic tenderness, not less for all human infirmity than for

suffering, — were always then most impressive; the breadth and vigor of his perceptions, his keen and unsparing analysis, so conspicuous that one would almost doubt whether, on public occasions, even when most successful, he had quite come up the height and vigor of which his nature was capable.

We have all known and enjoyed the zest and individuality of his unrestrained conversation, the interest of which was so much due to the liberality and earnestness of his nature. He was not one of those who thought, that, in this daily commerce, his expenditures were to be nicely adapted to their apparent importance or their immediate results. He would, to a cordial though humble hearer lavish his most felicitous illustrations and striking views as freely as to a large and influential assemblage. His earnestness, too, especially commanded our respect, when considered in view of those graceful endowments generally so productive and sometimes so mischievous.

Gifted with a most subtle wit and genial appreciation of the ludicrous, any thing like levity or paradox was always most foreign to him. Wit and humor were never resorted to for mere patch-work embellishments; with him they were, for the most part, modes of thought, and instruments of illustration. If at times he pursued a grotesque or pleasant image beyond the range of his subject, we might be sure it had originated there.

His instance was an instructive illustration of what an error it is, in appreciating striking character, to sever the moral from the intellectual and ambitious,

instead of considering them together. It was no doubt owing much to the earnestness on which I have dwelt, and his broad sympathies, that he so preserved the vigor of his faculties and the freshness of his pulsations; for, though full ripe in years when he terminated his career, to the last he exhibited nothing of age but its dignity and its wisdom.

DAVID RAMSAY, Esq., followed.

Mr. Chairman, — I would fain add my tribute to those of my seniors. Others have spoken of Mr. Petigru to whom he was nearer in years and professional position; but it will not be denied us, who knew him in his later life, to share the regret of contemporaries and immediate successors. As one of his many students, I had much to thank him for; as a member of the bar, I could feel proud of friendly association with such a man. So much has been said, fitting and decorous, that to speak again of his professional or private character were to use only enfeebling repetition. We are here to honor him as an advocate, and have spoken of his successful career as a great lawyer; that, fortunate in this career of life, he was fortunate in the opportunity of his death; that, as he lived to vindicate law, so he was not to die before recalling the jurisprudence of his State, under her sanction and commission, to system and order. He was yet more fortunate in associating his name with higher principle than can be found in the collation of local laws: these partake of the infirmities of their times, and with them, happily for man, must be forgotten. The peculiar law of any period,

the peculiar institution, will soon be a tradition, giving place to the better labor of a more enlightened future; yet from the date of man, through all history, interwoven with the very thread of time, is an eternal right. Seldom does it fall to a purely legal activity to vindicate essential principle; but that which is placed upon this height, whatever else the waters of oblivion overwhelm, is far above their surge. The greatest jurist of the past, who linked his name to the greatest code in human law, had, in his remote age, to choose between right and life. He sealed his testament with blood, preferring the wrath of Caracalla to the accusation of innocence; and, long as remains language, will vibrate, through its various channels, the dying jurist's undying answer, — "*Quæ facta lædunt pietatem, existimationem, verecundiam, et, ut generaliter dixerim, contra bonos mores fiunt, nec nos facere posse credendum.*" James Louis Petigru laid "*an offering of age upon the altar of justice*," as unquenchable lustre. When the Sequestration Act required the confidence of clients to be betrayed, the trusts of imbecile age, incapable infancy, irresponsible lunacy, the defence of widows and helpless women, the ties of nearest kindred and sacred gratitude, all to be abandoned, his was the voice that gave denial to the delator's search. His last effort was truly the coronation of his work. Who can forget his voice, so long eloquent for others, then pleading for himself as to the question, why he made refusal, as he answered with a despairing accent, "Because I was free born." He well deserved such heritage, for all his long life was devoted to Right, to

Truth, to Freedom; and, now that he is no more, gratitude, friendship, and veneration are met to mourn him here, as in all the circles of his life. Even when we are gone, all we loved and honored forgotten, our laws and customs questions of antiquity, his last great defence will still survive. I stand among those who shall see the dawn of another age, in which his recollection will endure as long as gratitude and affection; even afterwards, I know that there is an unfading memory for those whose words, in unison with the sublime harmony of eternal Right, rose above the transient discords of Time.

George S. Bryan, Esq., was the next speaker.

Mr. Chairman, — I feel that it is scarcely permitted me to be a gleaner in this field, or to speak at all in this presence; and, if my relations with him who has gone were simply those of a lawyer, I might well be silent. The generation with whom he passed the prime of his life, the renowned lawyers and orators with whom he wrestled on this arena, — Hayne, Hunt, McDuffie, Grimke, Bailey, Preston, Legare, Harper, — have long gone to their rest. With diffidence, those of us who are here, the children, as it were, the grandchildren, of him who has departed, — with diffidence, indeed, may we attempt to measure his mind, and fix his rank as a lawyer. But who of us shall sound the depths of his humanity? Who shall measure his large heart? Who shall seek to circumscribe within strict lines that great liberal nature, which, in its fulness, overflowed all bounds, and poured itself all abroad? Who can describe the

delights of his fellowship, and paint the pleasant, familiar spirit, so merry and so gamesome; jocund as the morn; bright and joyous as the spring with all its birds, and warm as its quickening breath?

Great and unrivalled was our friend as a lawyer, touchingly and simply and profoundly eloquent as an advocate, and distinguished and incomparable as a wit; but how much greater than all these the genial, loving, heroic *man*, James L. Petigru!

His charity has been celebrated; and never, indeed, could the words of the great poet be applied more truly to any one than to him: —

> "For his bounty,
> There was no winter in't: an autumn 'twas,
> That grew the more by reaping."

And how tender, considerate, and delicate in the bestowal of his favors! His benefits descended, like the dews of the night, in silence, without a witness, and were known only by their fruit, and the voice of gratitude, which could not be silenced. The cry of distress was to him as the voice of God. He counted not the cost of his compassion: whether his treasury was full or empty, he gave. He drew upon the future when he had not, and made good his drafts by toil, often continued deep into the night, and frequently surprised by the first ray of the morning. And he gave not only to the good: it was enough that a fellow-creature should be abandoned and forlorn and wretched to enlist his sympathies and command his aid. And just at the point that the world dropped such an one, and he had not a friend, he became his friend, and covered him with

the mantle of his protection. It was for the only Judge to judge and to punish: it was for him to pity and to help. But his was not simply the charity that gives and serves: his also, in rare measure, without pretension or profession, that diviner and rarer charity, which "suffereth long, and is kind; envieth not; vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

How touching and sublime his patience under every variety of ills! And he whose instinct it was to give and to aid, himself surprised by misfortune, with what magnanimity did he receive, with what nobler generosity bear obligation, and, after tenfold requital, still owe, and ever pursue, with service, affection, and gratitude, those who had stood by him in his hour of trial!

It was my fortune to have known him long, and my unequalled privilege to have felt, as it were, the beatings of his heart, when he had to meet the great occasions of his life. That brave heart never fluttered or faltered in the path of duty. But, Mr. Chairman, how much it cost him to be true to country, to deny affection, to differ utterly with those whom he tenderly loved, and to turn his loving nature away from those, who, differing, yet clung to him!

And he whose business it was to deal with the subtleties of men and subtleties of the law, and

whose life was passed in the metropolis of trade, and centre of politeness, — how free he was from all modishness, sophistication, and art! His eyes first opening upon the light amidst the virgin scenes of Nature, he was ever her unweaned child. His devotion to her, knowing no abatement, only grew warmer and fonder with advancing years. He loved to quit the hackneyed haunts of men, and to be alone with her. And she repaid his fidelity with her own rewards. The freshness of her fields enveloped him as an atmosphere; and she breathed into him the spirit of her own immortal youth, and for the barrenness and frosts of age she gave him the crowned garlands of spring.

It is a grave error that he was, as has been supposed, indifferent to opinion, and careless of office; that he did not appreciate the seat and authority of the magistrate, and properly estimate those high places, which, whilst they afford the surest passports to distinction and the largest opportunities of usefulness, are accepted by the multitude as the only measure of mind, and evidence of greatness. He knew well the value of the golden candlestick to the candle; and that a light, to be seen afar, must be set upon a hill. No one more than he submitted reverently to all just authority; no one more than he was a lover of order; no one felt more profoundly the deep significance of the line of the inspired sage and poet, —

"Take but degree away, untune that string."

No one loved his countrymen and fellow-men with a fonder affection, and craved their recognition and

sympathy with a more passionate longing; and, if it ever seemed otherwise, it was but the fretting of the eddy, produced by the very depth and force of the current; and no one more than he could feel denial, postponement, exclusion, suppression. He bore them all with manly fortitude; with cheerful submission, without parade; a martyr, without affecting martyrdom; defeated, but never overthrown.

> "Who hath beheld decline upon his brow,
> Or seen his mind's convulsion leave it weak?"

His own individual greatness sufficed to sustain him. But he suffered; and, suffering, he was willing to suffer in the cause of truth and justice. For them he was prepared to suffer all things. As, in his charity, he was charitable at the cost of ease and wealth and ceaseless toil; so, in his love of country, he was faithful at the expense of place and power and fame. He had ambition, — the ambition of excellence, of service, of a pure fame, — that echo of the world's abiding respect, affection, and gratitude. He knew that the mere practising lawyer, like the mere practising physician, unless he reach the heights of oratory or speak from the chair of the professor, can serve only his neighbors, and can scarcely hope to escape from provincial obscurity; and though he may be useful, may be honored, may have troops of friends, may live in an atmosphere of gratitude, yet his name scarcely survives the day of his death, and, at best, lives only in the remembrance of the generation he served and the neighborhood for whom he labored. It would have been an escape and a relief,

and a matter for sober joy, if, in an office worthy of his ability, and commensurate with his gifts and accomplishments, he could have been permitted to have dispensed justice to this once broad country, and enunciated universal principles in a manner to have challenged the lasting admiration, respect, and honor of mankind. To have sat alongside of Marshall and Story, and from that seat where the judge must frequently become the lawgiver, and founding his decisions upon the broadest sentiments of equity, whilst he pronounces as a judge, must teach as a moralist, — to have been allowed to speak from such a commanding height, and granted the opportunity of clothing Right in the forms which would have made the world and the latest generations his reader and debtor; which would have carried his name to Westminster Hall, and commended it as an authority to be cited by the great and good in all lands, in the profession to which he devoted his life, — this would have been with him, indeed, a crowning consolation, and his cup would have been full.

This he had to forego; this he had consciously to forego. He knew that the gate to power — the only gate to power in the Confederacy — was through the State. Through that door alone could he reach the country and the world, and hope to win the large distinction worthy of his genius. He loved his people better than himself; and he could not subscribe to a creed which he believed would carry death to the country, and bring ruin on his State; and, without complaint, he submitted himself to his limited lot and narrow destiny.

Justice it was that ruled all his noble life: with him it was but an expression for Deity, with which he could no more trifle than with his Maker, and to which he bowed in utter and child-like submission. This it was that made him the friend, and not the flatterer, of the people; the champion of equal rule and law, and the unswerving foe of license and self-will, whether of the people, the demagogue, or the despot; this the inspiration and the soul of his deathless love of liberty: this it was that lifted him above the distinctions of class, of wealth, of power, and made him so strong against the oppressor; which reared his arm so defiantly against all power that would play the tyrant, whether that of an individual or a class, or whether it came clothed with the sanctions and authority of government. He counted not government itself, when it would command to wrong: he was willing to suffer wrong, but could not be made to do it. He was faithful to justice, even when the sentiment of country had to be opposed; and bore it triumphantly in the face of all opposition, and dared to be true at the hazard of reproach and contumely, and desertion of friends.

He has gone to his rest. *He has so lived as to win from all the award that he was an honest man, and to unite even his opponents in the declaration, that, however widely he may have erred, he was still true. It will be for a different people or remoter generation to sit in judgment upon his opinions and counsels, and to concede or deny to him the merit of superior wisdom.*

I have been betrayed into saying more than I had thought to say. Would only that it were worthier!

But I could not be silent when he was to be honored, whose face, from my boyhood, was never turned upon me but in kindness, and whose friendship I have counted the honor, privilege, solace, and sufficient support of my life, under all circumstances.

By request of Gen. WILLIAM E. MARTIN, and in his absence, Hon. WILLIAM D. PORTER read the following tribute from him: —

Mr. Chairman, — Having been unexpectedly deprived of the mournful gratification of joining the bar in person in their tribute to our deceased brother, I solicit the indulgence of the meeting to be permitted to place on record my sense of our deep and irreparable loss. If this were one of the usual assemblages which often sadly enough call us together, I should not attach sufficient importance to my position to prefer so unusual a request. But I hope the indulgence will be extended to me in consideration of the friendship of our distinguished brother, which I inherited from one whom he loved dearly; a friendship of which I have received the delightful and never-to-be-forgotten proofs, from my earliest recollection to the last interview I had with him in the sickness which removed him from us.

No one within my observation has gone down to the grave leaving a wider circle of devotedly attached friends than Mr. Petigru. I have seen others pass away, whose position attracted more of the notice of the world. They occupied some one or other of the theatres — the senate, the field, or the world of letters — on which national fame is acquired. He filled none of these. The forum, a limited one, too,

for one fitted to shine in one so much more extended, and the social circle, ever gladdened by his presence, were the principal and almost only spheres in which he moved. In his long and laborious and useful life, he became personally well known to a very large number of individuals. The memory, therefore, which lives after him, is that of personal knowledge, derived from actual notice and observation by a very large number of countrymen and countrywomen. It may be safely affirmed, that no one has left behind him more actual enduring recollections of greatness of mind, extent and range of acquirement, and the charm and fascination of social intercourse.

My pen would fail in any attempt to sketch the greatness of his professional achievements. From the time when he first appeared, the member of a country bar, unaided by friends, and unsupported by the adventitious circumstances which often introduce men to public notice, he exhibited that "persistive consistency" which early marked him as one certain of bearing off the highest honors of his profession; and, long before the day and generation of many here present, he had fulfilled the expectations of his early promise. It could not have been otherwise. In the commencement of his studies, he laid broadly and deeply the foundation upon which was built the superstructure of those great attainments which have elevated him to so enviable a rank in his profession. The law was studied by Mr. Petigru as a great and noble science. He drank, not from the muddy stream which flows by the side of the common wayfarer, but far up where it springs pure and undefiled from the

sources of the fountain. His legal opinions rested upon great principles; and, when he quoted decided cases, he did not seem to have derived his views from them, but rather to adduce them for the purpose of showing the concurrence of other minds in the positions he held. He seemed rather to sustain the cases than they to sustain him. In the ethics of his profession he set the brightest example. To beginners he was always kind and accessible. He did not avail himself of any technical exception, unless it involved the merits of the controversy; and, in his own language, "did not remember ever to have turned a lawyer out of court because he did not understand his business." The distinguishing traits of his legal mind were love of truth and justice. Hence it has been often remarked, that no honor or emolument could tempt him into a cause where either was violated. He was much distinguished by moral courage; and those familiar with him will recall striking instances where he has espoused, without expectation of reward, and in opposition to the frowns of the community, the cause of those whom he deemed friendless and oppressed. With his ardent temperament, and his innate sympathy with the weak, he may have doubtless sometimes exhibited that strong professional bias from which no one is exempt; but there are few whose judgments, if so clouded, could lay claim to so much of generosity, and disinterestedness of motive. He was always remarkable for becoming identified with his client. Once embarked, and convinced of the justice and equity of his cause, he spared not himself in its support. Those who have observed him in the re-

sponsible position of an advocate in a capital cause will accord to him all that self-immolation so well described by a great modern jurist; though I do not mean that his patriotism would justify the application of the concluding paragraph: —

"The advocate knows, in the discharge of his office, but one person in the world, — that client, and none other. To save that client by all prudent means, to protect that client at all hazard and cost to all others, and among others to himself, is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties. He must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction, which he may bring on any others; nay, separating even the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, and casting them, if need be, to the wind, he must go on, reckless of the consequences, if his fate should be unhappily to involve his country in confusion for his client's protection."

All the professional honors our friend desired were conferred upon him through life; and the latest he received was the highest, rendered as it was at a time of great excitement, when his political views were well known not to be in harmony with those of the State. Such an instance, so rare in republics, is alike a testimonial to the excellence of his life and character, and creditable to the magnanimity of the Commonwealth. He loved the State with all the ardor of his enthusiastic nature; and she testified to his latest breath that he enjoyed alike her esteem, her confidence, and her love.

But with all our pride in contemplating the honor he conferred upon our profession by his upright

walks in its paths, with all the gratitude we feel for setting us all an example so well worthy to be followed, I turn with greater pleasure to the contemplation of his character and virtues. There is an inner circle into which I would not presume to intrude on this public occasion; in which, perhaps, he was seen, of all others, to the greatest advantage. As friends and companions only are we now permitted to speak of him.

There was a charm in his society rarely met with. We all knew him to be a man of great courage. We felt in our daily intercourse that he was very kind of heart; that his temperament was genial, and his affections remarkable for their tenderness. Those whom he loved he loved always, through the world's frowns, as well as through its smiles; and, when they died, he loved the children for the parents' sake. His attachments never grew cold. His feelings seemed always young. There was a freshness about them rarely found among those of advanced years; and they were manifested not only to individuals, but also in local attachments. The blight which intercourse with the world, and many disappointments, often throw over the feelings of earlier years, seem to have been unknown by him; and years brought no abatement of early affections.

It is no wonder, therefore, that his society was a source of unmingled pleasure to the aged, the middle-aged, and the child. All were warmed and gladdened by his presence. They met him with pleasure, and separated from him with regret.

Our last earthly separation has come. It has come

to us who were cheered and gladdened by his presence; whose time passed pleasantly when he was with us; who have witnessed his triumphs, and rejoiced at his success. All of him has not left us. We can never be deprived of his pleasant memories. His monument is in the heart of each as an enduring monument to true friendship, manly sincerity, high courage, generosity, and benevolence.

> "Ars utinam mores animumque effingere posset,
> Pulchrior in terris — nulla tabula foret."

Rendered by one of Mr. Petigru's pupils beautifully thus: —

> "Could Art but paint his manners and his mind,
> Earth would produce no tablet of the kind."

John Phillips, Esq., offered the following additional resolution: —

Resolved, That the Chief Justice of this State, the Hon. John B. O'Neall, be requested to deliver an eulogy on the life and character of the late James L. Petigru, LL.D., at such time and place as will suit his convenience.

B. J. Whaley, Esq., also submitted the following resolution: —

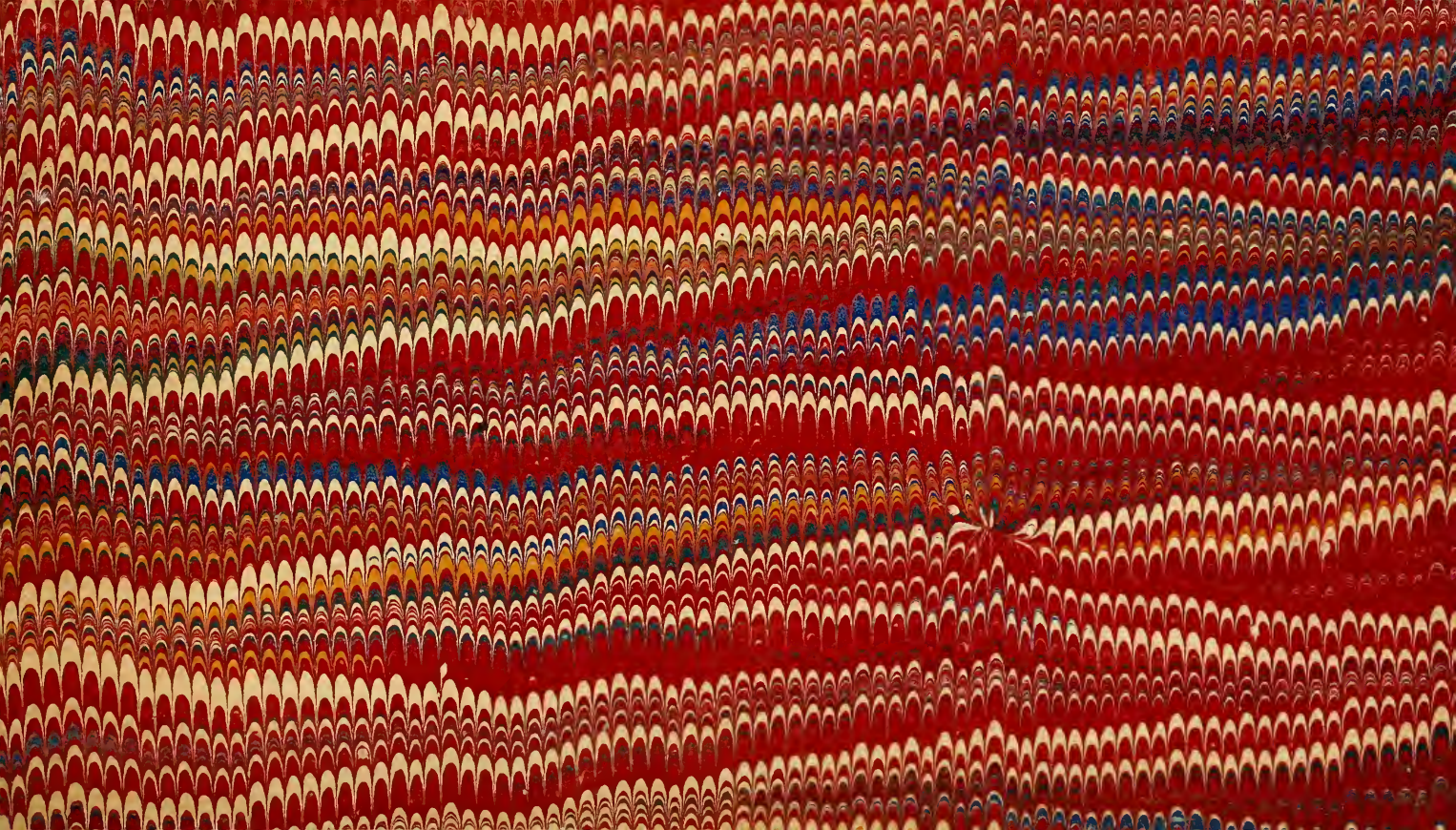
Resolved, That, as an additional mark of our appreciation of the learning and virtues of Mr. Petigru, the members of this bar do cause to be painted a full-length portrait of him, to be placed in the Library Room of the Court of Appeals; and that, to this end, the Chairman of this meeting do appoint a Committee to be charged therewith.

The preamble and resolutions were then put by the Chairman, and unanimously adopted. The resolutions of Mr. John Phillips and Mr. B. J. Whaley, were also unanimously adopted.

On motion of J. W. Gray, Esq., the proceedings of the meeting were ordered to be published in the newspapers of the city.

On motion of Mr. Gray, the meeting then adjourned.

C. Richardson Miles, *Secretary.*



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